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## THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL

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General Prosperity is more than a match for all the spellbinders his enemies can put in the field.

There is reason to believe that an event which will occur on Nov. 6 will put an end to the insurrection in the Philippines.

Edward M. Shepherd has been selected to preside over the anti-trust meeting at Madison-square Garden this week. Mr. Shepherd is chief counsel for the sugar trust.

There is no argument like a great, big, solid fact, and the large reduction in the lumber and amount of new farm mortgages in Indiana during the third year of the McKinley administration is worth a ton of oratory.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans join with pride to the fact that they cast their first vote for Abraham Lincoln. Who ever hears anybody boasting that he cast his first vote for Breckinridge in 1860 or General McClellan in 1864?

One of the correspondents with the Roosevelt train telegraphed that there did not appear to be many orthodox Quakers at the Roosevelt meeting in Plainfield. How can an orthodox Quaker be distinguished from a Hicksite in a crowd?

The women of Idaho will enjoy the privilege of voting for President this year for the first time. Those of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming have participated before. It is still an open question whether a majority of women care much for the privilege.

In his new book, "The Gospel of Wealth," Andrew Carnegie advocates a heavy inheritance tax, to compel the possessors of great wealth to distribute their estates before death. Mr. Carnegie's theory is that the very rich should give away the bulk of their wealth in charitable and public bequests. As Mr. Carnegie has over \$100,000,000 which he has not distributed he has some work before him if he lives up to his creed.

The man who is so wise as never to have occasion to change an opinion may be very well satisfied with himself; still, the man who changes his views occasionally stands the better chance of being right. Because a man who believed in the free coinage of silver four years ago has come to believe that the gold standard is better he is not open to the charge of inconsistency, because the experience of four years warrants such a conclusion.

The "carnival spirit" which the promoters of the festival last week were so anxious to awaken got rather more fully aroused toward the last than was necessary, and its manifestations were far from edifying. Rowdiness, rudeness and vulgar familiarity are more easily encouraged than suppressed, and the behavior of a considerable element of the population on the streets in the evenings aroused the reasonable doubt as to whether the carnival spirit is suited to the American temperament and traditions.

In 1896 Mr. McKinley rejected the urgent advice of prominent party leaders to go upon a stump tour of the country, and remained at his home in Canton, addressing such delegations as came there. "I am doing my best and most effective work for the Republican party right here," he said. "So long as the people come to hear me it is not necessary for me to charter special trains and travel about the country entreating them to listen to my arguments." This year again he has put away all suggestions that he make one or two speeches. He has done what he could to maintain the dignity of the presidential office, and for this the people should honor him.

The school-management committee of the Board of Education in Chicago has recommended the introduction of Bible reading into the public schools, a work called "Readings from the Bible," having been prepared by the Chicago Women's Educational Union. The book will be placed on the supplementary list. The organization which prepared the book in question contains among its members both Catholics and Protestants. There can be no objection to such reading; indeed, the ethical portions of the Bible, no matter what version, as long as it has been made by scholars, might be introduced into the schools with advantage.

The Rice will case in New York, particularly of which have been given in the telegraphic columns of the Journal, contains all the elements of the most widely sensational romance. What could a writer, as a detective story, wish for better than a plot revolving about a millionaire presumably murdered, a conspiracy between

lawyer and valet to get possession of his property, a forged will and forged checks, distant but deserving relatives claiming inheritance, and an exciting court trial? The public is likely to hear a good deal about this case within the next few months, but, alas! a good deal of what it hears will be the testimony of so-called handwriting experts. A skilled novelist with the material afforded could make a much more entertaining story than the newspapers will furnish.

## THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

The Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument was not constructed for any such purpose as that to which it was put the past week. It was designed and built to emphasize the part that the people of a great State took in the preservation of nationality. It stands a witness to the part which the people of Indiana took in one of the world's great crises in the struggle between liberty and human progress and despotism. It is the memorial which a proud and grateful people have erected in honor of their silent victors, who sleep where they fell in defense of nationality and free government. It is designed to be the shrine to which in all the years to come men and women and children shall come to learn to love their country and its beneficent institutions. It is the altar to which a State's patriotic people will come to offer grateful homage to the men who died for the Union, and to dedicate themselves, in the reverent spirit of Lincoln, to that government and those institutions for which a State's silent victors gave their lives.

Built for so noble and sacred a purpose, it should not be used for any object that does not emphasize the idea of which it is the embodiment. It should not be used for political or other assemblages which are not in full accord with the spirit of the idea and the purpose which caused it to be created. Indeed, it should not be used for any purpose which would not remind the visitors or the passerby of the heroic devotion of the men who died for the Union, and of the patriotic sufferings of the women of that period of blood and sacrifice. Consequently, there are tens of thousands of people in Indiana who have looked upon the use to which Monument Circle has been put the past week as something in the nature of a sacrilege. They may be old-fashioned people, who hold tenaciously to their notions of propriety, and to whom the idea embodied in the monument is sacred. The making of the monument an advertisement for cheap shows and the hawking of trinkets, and the asking of an admission fee to walk about the people's monument to their heroic dead, the turning of the sacred spot into an arena for buffoonery and thoughtless gaiety are things which the thoughtful people of Indiana do not approve.

It is not to criticize those who have made this use of the monument and its circle the past week that this is written. Many of those who now feel that improper use has been made of the State's holy ground did not so think when such uses were proposed. They see it now, and, while they have no criticism for the managers of the carnival, they will look to it that the uses to which the monument was put the past week shall not be repeated.

## SUGGESTED BY A HORSESHOE.

A gentleman who picked up a horseshoe in the street a few days ago was asked what he intended to do with it. "Oh, take it to my office and hang it up for luck," was the reply. His questioner ridiculed him for his superstition, but in the badinage that followed it came out that the questioner at that moment had a buckeye in his pocket which he carried as a preventive against rheumatism. The horseshoe superstition is old and widespread, and the buckeye cure has many believers, or at least many who have sufficient faith in it to try it. Some, however, think a potato carried in the pocket is more efficacious than a buckeye, while others pin their faith to a perforated nutmeg hung around the neck.

The horseshoe-buckeye incident opens up a curious line of investigation, and one who follows it will be surprised to find how largely superstition enters into popular belief and into our daily lives. It would be impossible to enumerate all of the superstitious beliefs, great or small, that find extensive credence, but every person can recall many. Almost everybody is more or less, sensibly or insensibly, influenced by the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day, and thousands of persons firmly believe and act on the belief that thirteen is an unlucky number. There is scarcely any person from a farmer's boy to a college professor who does not feel a secret thrill of satisfaction at first seeing the new moon over the right shoulder and of momentary disappointment at seeing it over the left. The moon, by the way, is accountable for a great many superstitions relating to seeds, plants, and the everyday affairs of life. It also gives rise to many popular beliefs regarding the weather which must be classed as superstitions—as for instance, if the horns of the new moon are tipped downward it portends wet weather, and if evenly balanced it is a sign of dry weather. Weather lore is a mass of superstitions relating to inanimate nature and to birds and animals of all sorts. Cats, dogs and farm animals furnish many superstitions. Such everyday domestic incidents as dropping one's scissors point downwards, accidentally placing two chairs back to back, coming in at one door and immediately going out at another, and others equally inconsequential are made to represent some coming event. Tea-leaves floating in the cup, the spilling of salt at table, the itching of the nose or ear, the mewling of cats, the howling of dogs, yawning, sneezing, are all made to carry a hidden meaning. The charms to good luck and the signs of bad luck are innumerable. Perhaps the cast-off horseshoe is the most universally recognized sign of good luck. As it must be a cast-off shoe the virtue is presumably not in the metal, but derived from the horse. Or it may be in the shape, for one sees it stamped on monograms, on Christmas cards and woven into doral designs to be hung above the bride's head at a wedding. It is elaborately worked into gold and silver charms and jewelry's designs of prize cups, and into the trademarks of many manufactured products. Thousands of them are nailed over house or barn doors. But the horseshoe is not the only sign of good luck, as witness the four-leaf clover, the wish-bone, the stray black cat, the rabbit's foot, getting out of bed right foot foremost, and scores of others. Bridal couples know the mystic properties of an old shoe or a handful of rice. The charms against disease are as numerous as the charms for good luck. Among the "sure cures" for warts that one may get by in-

quiring is to rub the wart with a copper coin and throw the coin away immediately after. The person picking up the coin acquires the wart. Another cure is to stick a pin in the wart, then go and stick the same pin into an apple tree. Still another is to steal some beans—to make the cure work they must be stolen—and secretly bury them in the ground. The superstitions connected with weddings and wedding rings are numerous, and there is scarcely a jewel of any kind that has not its separate significance and myth. Hundreds of thousands of persons have implicit faith in the divining-rod as a means of locating veins of water or valuable ores, and a still greater number of persons believe in fortune-telling, palm reading, dreams and presentiments. The superstitions above alluded to are merely representative and suggestive. They do not begin to exhaust, and, in fact, scarcely touch the list. The truth is history, philosophy, religion and life itself are impregnated with superstition to an extent that almost justifies one in saying we are born into it, live in it, and die in it.

## THE ACTOR AND HIS AUDIENCE.

The personality of an actor is, as a rule, hidden from the public. He comes upon the stage to represent a character other than his own, and the audiences in spite of themselves invest him, as a man, with some of the attributes of the personage, historical or imaginary, whom he endeavors to portray. The better actor he is the more completely he throws himself into his part, the more his own characteristics are concealed and the less the public knows him as he is. Occasionally a member of this profession has other gifts and is able to express himself as a writer, for instance, or by public speaking, or through his social talents. Joseph Jefferson speaks in all of these ways, and consequently has a distinct and recognized identity apart from "Rip Van Winkle," or any of his other theatrical parts. He is an exception, however, and most actors go down to their graves disguised under a veil that their occupation throws about them. The glimpse into the inner life of Richard Mansfield, which is given in his contribution to the current issue of Collier's Weekly, is therefore of special interest. It is, in fact, a remarkable utterance, being an extremely frank disclosure of his attitude toward the public and toward his calling. It is the common theory of the persons in front of the footlights that the men and women on the stage are fully and agreeably aware of their audience, and, especially if it be large, have toward it only the most friendly feelings. To him, Mr. Mansfield says, the audience is "a black mass, a monster outside there on the other side of my little world. It seems to me," he goes on, "to be waiting there to devour me. I suppose some day it will kill me because I shall have nothing more to give it. The monster waiting there every night has to be fed. Sometimes I think it is insatiable. I give and I give, and I give, and it sits there intent, waiting for more. . . . Do you know what it is to me to face that monster? I wonder it is kind to-night and in a good humor, or will it quarrel with what I can give it. It is always the best I have." He does not dare to describe the varying characteristics of the "monsters" as he finds them in different cities, for they are more necessary to him than he to them, he acknowledges, and he cannot afford to offend them.

"When I was younger," he says, "I pictured the life on the stage the triumph and intoxication of success; the adulation and applause of the crowd; the glistening pageant; the artistic atmosphere; the gay suppers; the adoration and friendship of the people. I have seen none of it." He knows none of it because, as he says, when he goes on the stage he goes as the personage he portrays. If the character is Richard he is Richard, and lives and feels and suffers as Richard, and is not aware of the things of the moment. There are other revelations of the intimate self of this actor, both in and between the lines, showing him sensitive, high-spirited, imaginative, self-distrustful, fearful of the future, and as having intense joy in his work for the work's sake and not for the sake of the people before whom he is playing. What he says must be of especial interest to theater-goers, and, though there is a pathos in it all, it is likely to bring him in future into closer personal sympathy with the public.

## THE SUSPENSION OF LAW.

Indianapolis was a wide-open town last week, to the scandal and harm of the city, and the disgust of many visitors. The laws for the repression of vice and the crimes of vice were as dead as if the Legislature had repealed them. And the worst of it is that the exhibitions of lawlessness were open and shameless. Gambling could not have been more open and more in defiance of public sentiment had the games been exposed at the street corners. Indeed, from the reports in the papers and that were current on the streets the persons operating the games were so secure in their confidence of police noninterference that they seemed to take delight in parading their practices in the face of the public. Why was this necessary? Would it not have been possible to make the carnival a success without shameless violation of the laws against gambling and other vices? If not, it will be better to get along without carnivals in the future.

There is no excuse for last week's suspension of all the laws against vice—none whatever. The laws are made for the protection of society and should be enforced every day in the year. Yet, as far as can be learned, the intimation was given out by the authorities that the police would not interfere if the laws were broken. Very naturally Mayor Taggart will be held responsible for the suspension of the laws, which is an exercise of imperial power that even the Czar of Russia would not assume. And this leads to the question: Why did the mayor and those under him permit the shameless violation of the laws against vice the past week? What return does he expect from those who fleeed hundreds of visitors in gambling places?

## THE HARPER "EASY CHAIR."

However opinions may differ as to the quality of Mr. W. D. Howells's fiction, there are few who deny the charm of his essays, especially those on literary topics. Never severe or harsh in his judgment of the work of any writer, but yet always frankly pointing out what seem to him the defects of any piece of literature with which he has to deal as a critic, his opinions have come to have a value and weight which do not belong to the utterances of

other American writers in the same field. He has particularly endeared himself to the younger school of contemporary writers by his swift appreciation of what they have attempted, as well as of what they have achieved—a virtue by no means universal among successful authors—but his views on current literature have not been less interesting to those who are readers, not writers. They may not invariably accept his estimates, but he is not one so autocratic in his pronouncements as to leave no room for friendly disagreement. This is also true of his judgment of the authors of a past generation. Thick-and-thin admirers of Dickens, for instance, of whom many still exist, will be likely to dispute his conclusions as to that novelist's work, which have lately appeared in one of the Harper periodicals, but they can hardly be irritated at his manner of presenting his side of the case.

Although he is not so well known as a writer on the general topics of the day, he has expressed himself freely enough in various ways to lead to the expectation that the themes he takes up when occupying the "Easy Chair," in Harper's Magazine, will be handled in an acceptable way. He has reached that point in life and in experience as a writer when spiritual and worldly wisdom impart to his utterances a mellow kindness and betray an understanding of and sympathy with his fellow-men which have a peculiar charm. He is a worthy successor to Curtis, and the publishers are fortunate in securing him.

## PRACTICAL TEACHERS.

The teachers of the Chicago public schools organized a federation last year, and some wonder was expressed as to what their purpose was. Their first official act was to come to the knowledge of the public is a movement to compel Chicago corporations to comply with the Illinois law requiring them to file with the county clerk, each year, a schedule of their intangible property. It is a law which has not been observed for twenty-five years, and the federation will decline to be satisfied with anything less than reports for all that time as a basis for an estimate of back taxes due. In case the statements are not filed the organization threatens mandamus proceedings to compel assessors to schedule the companies at much larger figures than heretofore.

An Eastern paper, commenting on this movement, considers it rather an unaccountable act for a society whose original purpose was educational. On the contrary, the proceeding seems right in line with the original purpose. There are more ways than one of promoting the cause of education. One is to pay salaries sufficiently liberal to secure good teachers. One of the first things done by the federation, but which was not so widely advertised, was to ask for increased wages for the grade teachers. The request was refused for the reason, so familiar to teachers everywhere, that the school fund would not justify it. What so natural and inevitable, then, as the next step, that of looking into the sources of revenue and inquiring whether all taxes properly due were paid? Evidently they found that they were not. The Chicago teachers are showing themselves to be very practical in their methods. The outcome of their undertaking will be watched with interest.

## SCIENTISTS AND MOSQUITOES.

The word "scientist" impresses the average person by its very sound. To say that a man is a scientist seems to endow him at once with an almost superhuman knowledge in his special field and to place him a grade or so above the ordinary man in respect to general intelligence. For it must be, the average person says to himself, it must be that one so learned in a particular direction that he has become an expert, is gifted above the common in other lines. This assumption grows out of the natural human propensity to exaggerate the virtues of those whom it admires and to make mystery more mysterious. Because one is not himself a scientist of any sort, therefore science is to him a realm where hitherto unexplained phenomena are made clear to those who enter. This feeling makes him listen seriously to all the solemn assertions and announcements of the so-called discoveries that issue from scientific sources. He does not take into consideration the fact that every scientist is merely a student, and that he is making his way toward the light step by step in an experimental way, and is not always certainly moving in the right direction. Nor has it dawned upon this representative of the confiding public that the scientist has some of the weaknesses of his less learned fellow-men, and is somewhat given to adopting a theory first and adding proof of its correctness later. Neither has he learned that a man may have high scientific attainments and be deficient in that most important of all gifts, commonsense.

Take, for example, the loudly-heralded discovery of the party of "malaria investigators" sent out by the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases that mosquitoes are the agents which disseminate malaria, and that the disease can be stamped out by the comparatively simple process of protecting the community from mosquito bites. The London investigators who made their experiments in the fever-haunted region about Rome are supported by Dr. Koch, of consumption serum fame, who has been conducting like studies in New Guinea. He also believes that, by excluding the mosquito, and by the use of drugs that are fatal to the parasite transmitted to the human blood by the mosquito, malaria may become a malady of the past. Now, with all due respect to Dr. Koch and the rest, it requires only plain, ordinary judgment to discern the fallacy of these sweeping "scientific" conclusions. It is presumably true that mosquitoes, flies and other predatory insects convey germs of infectious diseases into the human system, and that a suppression of these pests would tend to improve the general health of the community, as well as its comfort and peace of mind; but to say that the total destruction of the mosquito would put an end to malaria is nonsense. It seems not to have occurred to the scientists intent on proving their theory that the conditions in which mosquitoes thrive also cause malarial fits. Swamps and regions where are rich, moist soil and rank vegetable growth and lack of drainage are places where the pestiferous insects abound, and where malaria prevails; but, with all his respect for scientific knowledge, it will be hard to make the non-scientific person believe that he would be in no danger of illness in such regions if the mosquitoes were not there. In this city malarial ailments have recently

prevailed according to the doctors—and the doctors may be presumed to know, since they have identified the malarial germ and make tests for it. The many shade trees and their dense foliage also bring a few mosquitoes, but it does not seem probable that, with our closely-screened houses, in which a mosquito is not seen from one end of the season to another, the disease is due to the insect. In fact, it is wildly improbable. The scientists should be satisfied with proving that the mosquito is a creature to be shunned with even more earnestness than has been the case heretofore, but when they practically advise the medical profession to cure their patients by exterminating mosquitoes they go too far and are in danger of losing their prestige and of getting themselves laughed at.

For a first attempt the carnival was a great success. The local features were particularly so, the imported ones in the way of side-shows adding little or nothing to the attractions, though they received an enormous patronage. But the decorations and parades exceeded all expectations and reflected great credit on all who participated or contributed. It would be difficult to improve on these, though the managers say that in other respects, especially in organization and management, they could do much better another year. That the carnival will be repeated almost goes without saying. Notwithstanding some drawbacks and abuses incident to the occasion, and which should be minimized another year, the event has been wonderfully successful in bringing crowds of people together under circumstances conducive to harmless, if sometimes rude, enjoyment, and it is hoped merchants and others have reaped a pecuniary harvest. If crowds bring business the week's business must have been great, for the crowds much exceeded in the aggregate any week in the city's history. Another year preparations for the event should be commenced in ample season, the attractions should be on a more liberal scale, and some effort should be made to secure better behavior on the part of persons who try to turn innocent fun into offensive license. As an advertisement for the city the carnival has been the greatest single event in its history.

"The Cost of Tammany Hall in Flesh and Blood" is the striking caption of an article of three and one-half pages in Harper's Weekly for the current week, which exposes the infamy of Tammany Hall in the control of the city of New York. "The wide-open town," the writer, Franklin Matthews, says, "is Tammany Hall's visible means of support." The writer shows an increasing death rate in the tenement wards. Under Mayor Strong, with good pavements and street-cleaning, the death rate fell rapidly, but under the present regime it is rapidly increasing. The high price of ice under the Tammany regime has, in the opinion of physicians, increased the death rate. Last year the arrest of women increased by thousands, the secret of which is that Tammany's agents go bondsmen for the women for \$5 each, and that ends the matter. The policy game keeps up \$100,000 for the election of the present mayor, and the result is that policy dealers have protection. In thousands of cases vice is protected by the police paying Tammany a good figure for the privilege of breaking the laws. This article has importance because just now Tammany's leader, having dominated his party in New York, is ambitious for influence in national politics.

It seems that war sometimes makes the parties to it better acquainted and better friends than they were before. For a good while before our war with Spain began not only were the relations between the two governments strained, but the people could not say enough hard things about each other. Now both governments and people are on excellent terms. The Spanish are naturally a polite people and do not seem to be vindictive. Mr. Horace Washington, who was sent as United States consul to Valencia just after the war, and who is now home on a visit, says he expected to receive a chilly reception in Valencia, but on the contrary he was treated with the greatest courtesy by all the officials. "The captain general, the military governor and the archbishop of Valencia," he says, "not only returned my call at once, but treated me with exceptional courtesy and in every way furthered our interests. The feeling among the population is not one of animosity toward us. There is no such feeling among the Spaniards, either implied or expressed. They are really very cordial to Americans." Of course, Spaniards destroyed the Maine and we sank their fleet, but little things like that can be forgotten when people get over their rage.

## BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Language.  
"There comes Polly Perkins; let's make it hot for her."  
"How, Dolly?"  
"Why, let's be real cool to her."

An Essential Doctrine.  
"The Chinese are not so benighted, after all."  
"What do you mean?"  
"They still keep up the idea of a hot place to punish grocers who give short weight."

Of Water.  
Into each life, we know, some rain must fall. To use it well takes gumption, after all. If of this wisdom you would furnish proof, Don't fill your cistern till you've washed the roof.

Parents These Days.  
"Pa, won't you gimme 5 cents a piece 'I learn Bible verses'?"  
"What for, Sammy?"  
"Why, pa, Jimmy Tubbes go to do, an' that's how he gets money 'I pa does, an' that's much."

Friendship with Book Dealers.  
"Rodney, you never have thanked me for that book I sent you."  
"No; I felt a delicacy about doing so."  
"A delicacy?"  
"Yes; I thought if you didn't intend it as a gift, my note might remind you to send me the bill."

Footnotes.  
The meanest thing about trouble is that, nine times out of ten, we bring it on ourselves.

In chasing the purple cow of fancy man often gets hooked by the old brindle cow of fact.

A small boy stays "thick" with his grandfather until he is three years old; then he drops her and gets thick with his grandfather.

Friendship consists in being friendly to our friends on their terms, not ours.

Nearly all the people who believe this to be the first year of the twentieth century are for Bryan.

The first rule in May doesn't bring a heavier pleasure than the first fire in October.

Money is dangerous, when a man has got used to it.

# "MODERN FABLES," by George Ade.

## The Fable of What Happened the Night the Men Came to the Women's Club.

(Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.)

In a progressive little city claiming about twice the population that the Census Enumerators could uncover there was a Literary Club. It was one of those Clubs guaranteed to fix you out with Culture while you wait. Two or Three Matrons who were too Heavy for Light Amusements and not old enough to stay at Home and Knit organized the Club.

Nearly every Woman in Town rushed to get in for fear somebody would say she had not been Asked.

The Club used to Round Up once a Week at the Homes of Members. There would be a Paper, followed by a Discussion, after which somebody would Pour.

The Organization seemed to be a Winner. One thing the Lady Clubbers were Dead Set On. They were going to have Harmony with an Upper Case H. They were out to cut a Seven-Fold Swath through English Literature from Beowulf to Bangs, inclusive, and no petty Jealousies or Rivalries were to stand in the Way. So, while they were at the Meetings they would pull kittenish Smiles and Applaud so as not to split the Gloves. Sometimes they Kissed, too, but they always kept their Fingers crossed. Of course, when they got off in Twos and Threes they would pull the Little Meat Axes out of the Reticules and hack a few Monograms, but that was to have been expected. Everything considered, the Club was a Tremendous Go. At each Session the Lady President would announce the Subject for the next Meeting. For instance, she would say that Next Week they would come up to look in the Encyclopedia of Authors as to who was in the world of Wycliff. On the following Thursday they would have Wycliff down Pat and be Primed for a Discussion. They would talk about Wycliff as if he had been down to the House for Tea every evening that Week. After the Club had been running for Six Months it was beginning to be strong on Dates and Quotations. The Members knew that Mrs. Browning was the wife of Mr. Browning, that Milton had trouble with his Eyes and that Lord Byron wasn't all that he should have been, to say the Least. They were beginning to feel their Intellectual Oats. In the meantime the Jeweler's Wife had designed a Club Badge.

The Club was doing such Notable Work that some of the Members thought they ought to have a Special Meeting and Invite the Men. They wanted to put the Cap Sheet on a Profitable Season and at the same time hand the Merited Rebuke to some of the Husbands and Brothers who had been making Funny Cracks.

It was decided to give the Star Programme at the Beadle Home, and after the Papers had been read, then all the Men and Five Women who did not hold Office could file through the Front Room and shake Hands with the President, the Vice President, the Recording Secretary, the Corresponding Secretary, the Treasurer and the Members of the various Committees, all of whom were to line up and Receive. The Reason the Club decided to have the Brain Barbecue at the Beadle Home was that the Beadies had such beautiful big Rooms and Double Doors. There was more or less quiet Harpison Work when the announcement was made. Several of the Elderly Ones said that Josephine Beadle was not a Representative Member of the Club. She was Fair to look upon, but she was not pulling very hard for the Uplifting of the Sex. It was Suspected that she came to the Meetings just to Kill Time and see what the Others were Wearing. She refused to buckle down to Literary work, for she was a good deal more interested in the Bach-sors who filled the Windows of the new Men's Club than she was in the Butler who wrote "Hudibras." So, why should she have the Honor of entertaining the Club at the Annual Meeting? Unfortunately, the Members who had the most Doing under their Bonnets were not the ones who could come to the Front with large Rooms that could be Thrown Together, so the Beadle Home got the Great Event.

Every one in Town who carried a Pound of Social Influence showed up in his or her Other Clothes. Extra Chairs had to be brought in, and what with the Smlax and Club Colors it was all very Swell and the Maiden in the Lace Mitts who was going to write about it for the Weekly threw a couple of Spasms.

The Men were led in pulling at the Halters and with their Ears laid back. After a lot of money his only object in life is to save a lot more.

The yaws mellow us; not because we run out of temper, but because we run out of energy.

Early in October some woman remembers that exactly a year ago to-day she had the first hot waffles for breakfast. . . . Idle people and the dull; busy people would enjoy a forty-eight-hour day.

A woman would rather walk a whole block forward than get off the car beyond her destination and walk a quarter of a block back.

A writer in a Chicago paper laments that Maurice Thompson, whose bird notes and other out-of-door essays she admits to be charming, should allow his enthusiasm as an archer to lead him so far astray as to shoot birds. But did Mr. Thompson, in any of his delightful archery or bird papers, ever assert that he killed anything? He has made archery enticing, certainly, but not because of any impression conveyed that he was in the habit of bringing down birds with his arrows. The Chicago woman takes too much for granted when she assumes that a man who goes hunting always bags his game.

All the strictly local entertainments of carnival week, in particular the four parades, were highly creditable to the city and to those who had labor in hand. They involved a great outlay of labor, as well as of money, and represented, besides, the exercise of much taste and judgment.

## LITERARY NOTES.

According to the American Bookman and the English Academy, "The Reign of Law" is the best selling novel in both countries at the present time. It is now in its hundredth thousand.

The first number of The World's Work, the new monthly magazine under the editorship of Walter H. Page, will be out about the 20th of this month. It claims to have a different ideal from all existing periodicals.

The rumor that, at the request of numerous adherents, Mr. Herbert Spencer was about to issue a book on the topics of the day, met only the following response: "The rumor is baseless. I am engaged on no book on the follies of the time."

Mr. Nicholson's "The Hoosiers," which has been mentioned heretofore in these columns, will soon be ready for the public. It is a book which sets forth the beginnings of culture in Indiana, from the settlement of the territory, through the pioneer type and dialect, and the early centers of the so-called enlightenment, such as New Harmony; and its pioneer authors, among them the literary products of the early settlement and the early days of the State.

Death is perhaps a spiritual mystery to us, for the reason only, that our souls

they got into the Dressing Room they stuck there until they had to be Shooed out. They did not know. What they were going against, but they had their Suspicions. They managed to get Rear Seats or stand along the walls, so that they could execute the quiet Sneak if Things got too Literary. The Women were too Flushed and Proud to Notice.

At 8:30 P. M. the Lady President began to read a few Pink Thoughts on "Woman's Destiny—Why Not?" Along toward 9:15, about the time the Lady President was beginning to show up Good and Earnest, Josephine Beadle, who was circulating around on the Outskirts of the Throne to make sure that Everybody was Happy, made a Discovery. She noticed that the Men standing along the Wall and in the Doorways were not more than Sixty Percent En Rapport with the Long Piece about Woman's Destiny. Now, Josephine was right there to see that Everybody was a Nice Time, and she didn't like to see the Prominent Business Men of the Town dying of Thirst or Leg Cramp or anything like that, so she gave Two or Three of them the Quiet Wink and they tip-toed after her out to the Dining Room, where she offered Refreshments and said they could slip out on the Side Porch and Smoke if they wanted to. Probably they preferred to go back in the Front Room and hear some more about Woman's Destiny. As soon as they could master their Emotions and get control of their Voices they told Josephine what they thought of her. They said that she made the Good Samaritan look like a Cheap Criminal, and if she would only say the Word they would begin to put Green Glass into the Food at Home. Then Josephine didn't make a Hit with one who is on the sloping side of forty-eight. More of the Men seemed to awake to the Fact that they were Overlooking something, so they came back on the Velvet Foot back to the Dining Room and declared themselves in and flocked around Josephine and called her "Josie" and "Jose." They didn't care. They were having a Pleasant Visit. Josephine gave them Alcoholic Slugs of the Size that they Fed you in the Navy and then lower you into the Dingley and send you ashore. Then she let them go out on the Porch to Smoke. By the time the Lady President came to the last Page there were only two men left in the Front Room. One was asleep and the other was Fanned In.

The Women were Huff. They went out to make the Men come in and found them Bunched on the Porch, listening to a story that a Traveling Man had just brought to Town that Day.

Now, the Plan was that during the Reception the Company would stand about in little groups and ask each other what Books they liked